

A letter from St. Johns, N. E., says: On a lovely afternoon in July I stood upon the bank of a lofty cliff on that part of the coast between Placentia and St. Mary's Bays. Everything was still. Only the faintest murmur the angry tones of the ocean roar upon the surf, melted into delicious music, stole up from the strand to where I stood. The sand, low, which inhabited a small inlet, lay in myriads to my left, seemed, too, to have fallen under the spell and gone to sleep. The ocean heaved its breast in feeble billows, rolling landward with a drowsy motion, and the fisherman in his skiff boat rested upon his oars to listen to the stillness and calm which had fallen over everything. A dozen or more of fishing skiffs and boats, a little less than schooner size, stood motionless where the last breeze had fainted on their sails, and were photographed to perfection in the smooth, liquid deep; and even the "unerring tides" forgot for the moment, or seemed to forget, to set either north or south. As I stood, like everything about me, mute under the influence of the afternoon, a sound as of innumerable and gentle tapplings came up from the still sea, and, looking, I saw that myriads of fishes, cod and the lesser fishes on which the former preyed, had risen to the surface and were "breaching." The tapping sound was made by beating the waters with their tails and fins. Such a scene is not uncommon; but almost simultaneously with this I heard a hollow, whistling sound, and saw a column of spray rise like a geyser about fourteen feet from the water. I saw then that a whale had risen among the fishes, and with his monster, gaping jaws, in a fourth of the time it takes to write it, had engulfed several hundreds of the breaching fishes, and was about to plunge under the waves again to swallow his prey piecemeal, when two other creatures appeared upon the scene. They were the united and implacable foes of the whale, the sword-fish, and thresher. The sword-fish, (*xiphias gladius*) is a long, lithe creature, armed with a long, hard substance, protruding from its snout, resembling a sword, from which it derives its name; the thresher is a species of sea-shark or fox-shark, scientifically known as *carcharias vulpes*. It was evident they had come for the double purpose of making war upon the whale and getting some of the feast for themselves. In the space it takes the eye to twinkle the offensive and defensive were assumed. The sword-fish at once attacked the whale under water, the thresher attacked him above. As the whale made an effort to dive he impelled himself against the armed head of its lithe foe, and if he remained where he was the thresher brought its ungainly body with the precision of machinery down upon the unfortunate monster's back. Such a "threshing" I had never conceived of even in my dreams, when I used to go to the hills and rob birds' nests, and saw the teacher, more terrible than a wrathful dragon, with a cowhide to expiate my guilt. The sounds were dull thuds when the thresher struck his antagonist, and sharper and louder when he missed his aim and struck the water. The waves were beaten about in foam and spray, the whale trying to ply his tail upon his enemies, but before he could get his ungainly body into position his enemies were out of harm's way, and making a new attack upon an unsuspected quarter. The contest continued, broken only by short intervals, when the whale went below the surface for about ten minutes. Then the sword-fish, as if satisfied with the part he had played, dove down into the clear, blue water and the thresher followed his example. The whale, too, suddenly disappeared, and as he was the only one of the three that had to rise and breathe at stated intervals, I watched with much eagerness to see where he would rise and "blow," or if he rose at all. Beyond the point, a half-mile distant, I saw the spout and then a vigorous plunge, and knew the whale had survived his thrashing. Numbers of boats had rowed up to see the affray, and gazed at the contest between these monsters of the unknown deep with a pleasure deeply mingled with awe.

Charles Frost Williams began to be particular as soon as locked up. He wanted a looking-glass and a spring bed in his cell; refused to drink from the dipper in common use, and stood up for three hours rather than sit down on the well-worn bench. When his turn came to appear in court he wanted a clean collar, a tooth-brush and some perfume for his handkerchief, and he seemed greatly put out as he was left facing the desk.

"Can't this case be adjourned until I can get on my Sunday clothes?" he softly asked.

"Can't be done."

"Can't I be tried in a private room, then?"

"Not a bit of it. You'll have to stand trial right here. You were drunk on the street."

"I might have been slightly overcome by the weather. I am very susceptible to changes."

"Yes, but the weather doesn't make a man sit in the stairway and sing through his nose, nor strike an officer who offers to put him on a street car."

"I might have partaken of a little sweet wine, but, really, sir—really, I do protest against the statement that I was drunk. Loafers get drunk, sir."

"Well, yours was a flat, silly drunk. I happened in here just as they brought you in, and your tongue was too thick to say sugar."

"I cawn't believe it—really cawn't. 'Tisn't a bit like me."

"Your fine will be five dollars all the same."

"Beastly—beastly, but I will pay. Here, sir, is the filthy lucre. It is most annoying, sir—really most annoying to me. Good morning, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—At a social gathering on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had: "So your nephew is going to get married?" "Yes, ma'am; next Saturday the knot will be tied." Little Johnny, who has been listening, with open mouth, says: "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor feller eat anything he wants to, don't they?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Covering the bottom of the bin with a thick layer of powdered charcoal will help materially to preserve the flavor of potatoes and prevent sprouting.

—Many of the most pernicious weeds with which farmers have to contend are eagerly eaten by sheep, in their early or soft state, and ultimately may be eradicated in this way.

—Cocoanut Caramels.—Two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff; bake on a buttered paper in a quick oven.

—Corn cakes that are nice for breakfast are made of one quart of flour, one pint of meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter; add salt enough to suit your taste.

—In killing poultry, the French open the beak of the fowl, and with a sharp-pointed, narrow-bladed knife, make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth, which divides the vertebrae and causes instant death, after which the fowl is hung up by the legs to bleed. This is a neat and merciful way of doing it.

—Mustard Plasters.—By using sirup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up, and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster may be varied by the addition of more or less flour.

—Chocolate Custard.—Take a quart of milk and the yelks of two eggs. Mix with the eggs one tablespoon of corn starch, only a little heaped, and stir this gradually into the milk when scalded. Add two squares of chocolate grated, sugar to taste. Pour into a dish, and spread over the whites of two eggs well beaten and sweetened and flavored with a little vanilla. Set the whole in the oven to brown slightly.

—Lemon Cheese Cake.—Grate with care the oily rind of three fresh lemons; rub this with one quarter of a pound of loaf sugar pounded, until perfectly incorporated with the sugar; then add by degrees half a pound of good fresh butter, beat very light the yolks of six eggs, and add; mix these well together; then line a dish with puff paste, and put in the above mixture. Bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

—Beef and mutton are fast becoming the popular aliment. Our large foreign population, unused in their former homes and poorer circumstances to so expensive a food, are greatly increasing their consumption of meat. It is a fortunate thing, for it is a matter of history that the beef-eaters, the best fed people, have led the world in war and peace. And if the general consumption of beef and mutton will bring the United States into the position of the first nation of the world, or rather keep it there; or if, to take it the other way, the first nation of the world must eat the most beef and mutton, then there is a promising outlook for graziers and shepherds. —*Rural New Yorker*.

—Cream to use with any kind of layer cake is made from this receipt: Take one pound of blanched almonds, pounded to a paste, one coffee-cupful of sour thick cream, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch scalded in a little sweet milk, beat all together and spread between the layers of cake; flavor with a little almond extract. This is very rich and is suitable for the nicest kinds of cake. For more common use an inviting cream may be made in this way: Take a pint of sweet milk, thicken it with half a cupful of corn-starch and half a cupful of sugar, and boil until the cream or custard is of the consistency of starch. When almost cool add one tablespoonful of lemon or vanilla and spread between the layers of cake.

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**Insects of the Season.**

Prof. Cyrus Thomas, entomologist of the Illinois State Department of Agriculture, in notes on insects of the season, in a recent report announces that the supposed new insect that injured the sweet corn during July and August in the northern portions of Illinois and Indiana is in fact the same pest as that which is known in the cotton States as the "boll-worm," and in Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas as the "corn-worm." Prof. Thomas thinks that this species has pushed itself north this summer on account of the very hot and dry weather that prevailed. It is a Southern insect, and hence he believes the farmers and sweet-corn growers of the northern section of Illinois need have no fear of its appearing in injurious numbers in that section next year, if the meteorological indications for 1882 prove as correct as those for 1881.

The Professor's predictions in reference to the appearance of the chinch-bug this year have been only too fully verified. While farmers have suffered severely by this verification, it may prove of value to them in the future as an additional evidence that chinch-bugs, generally speaking, appear in injurious numbers only when two dry years come in succession, the latter being above the ordinary temperature.

Prof. Thomas is of the opinion that the year 1882 will be similar in character to the years 1875, 1868 and 1861, in which the rain fall, taking the three together, was rather below the general average and the temperature also rather below the general mean. Judging from various indications, he does not expect the chinch-bugs will appear generally next year in the State of Illinois in injurious numbers. Possibly they may do some injury in limited localities, and if so, most probably in the extreme northern sections of Illinois, Iowa and in Southern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The appearance of the army worm in the northern section of Illinois this season in the oat fields presents some rather new features in its history. As a rule this cereal has heretofore suffered but little from its attacks. There are still so many unsettled questions regarding the climatic conditions necessary to the maximum development of this pest that Prof. Thomas hesitates to predict whether the army worm will or will not appear next season. As a very general rule it does not appear two years in succession over the same area. On the other hand the great chinch-bug years of 1871 and 1874 were followed the next year by the appearance of this insect. —*N. Y. World*.

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NEW YORK, November 19, 1881.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	\$8 00	@	10 00
COTTON—Middling.....	.....	@	12
FLOR—Choice.....	.....	@	12
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1 43	@	1 44
No. 2 Spring.....	1 39	@	1 40
OATS—No. 2.....	67	@	68
COALS—Western Michigan.....	.....	@	10
PORK—Standard Mess.....	17 50	@	17 75
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling.....	.....	@	11 1/2
BEEVES—Choice.....	5 40	@	6 75
Fair to Good.....	5 00	@	5 50
Native Cows.....	2 25	@	4 00
Native Steers.....	2 25	@	4 00
HOGS—Common to Select.....	5 00	@	5 50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	3 50	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 35	@	1 36
No. 3.....	1 26	@	1 27
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	64	@	65
OATS—No. 2.....	63	@	63
RYE—No. 2.....	97	@	98
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf.....	5 00	@	6 25
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	19 00	@	20 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	28	@	30
EGGS—Choice.....	17	@	22
POULTRY—No. 1 Choice.....	10	@	10 1/2
BACON—Clear Rib.....	10	@	10
LARD—Prime Steam.....	11	@	11 1/2
WOOL—No. 1.....	22	@	24
Unwashed.....	22	@	24
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	5 00	@	6 50
HOGS—Good to choice.....	6 00	@	6 50
SHEEP—Good to choice.....	4 00	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2.....	6 50	@	8 00
No. 2 Spring.....	6 50	@	8 00
No. 2 Red.....	1 34	@	1 35
No. 2 Spring.....	1 29	@	1 30
OATS—No. 2.....	63	@	64
RYE.....	43	@	44
PORK—New Mess.....	16 25	@	16 50
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	5 00	@	6 15
Native Cows.....	2 50	@	3 00
HOGS—Said at.....	5 00	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1 21	@	1 22
No. 3.....	1 00	@	1 01
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	61	@	62
OATS—No. 2.....	63	@	63
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grades.....	7 00	@	8 00
CORN—Bible.....	55	@	57
HAY—Choice.....	26 00	@	27 00
PORK—Mess.....	15 75	@	16 00
COTTON—Middling.....	.....	@	10 1/2

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